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The Meaning of 'Saul.'

(Concluded.)

In the first part of this wonderful poem you found the song with which David roused Saul from the bodily stupor into which he had been thrown by the realization of his own mistakes, his own utter failure to reach his own ideal of Kingship or God's measure of a perfect man.

What more can the shepherd lad do? Not much truly! The 'Cease to do evil' is heard and heeded in Saul's heart, but he has yet no will to do good; no will to use the great gifts God has given him. In answer to the cry of David's heart for help, comes true inspiration.

* * * * *

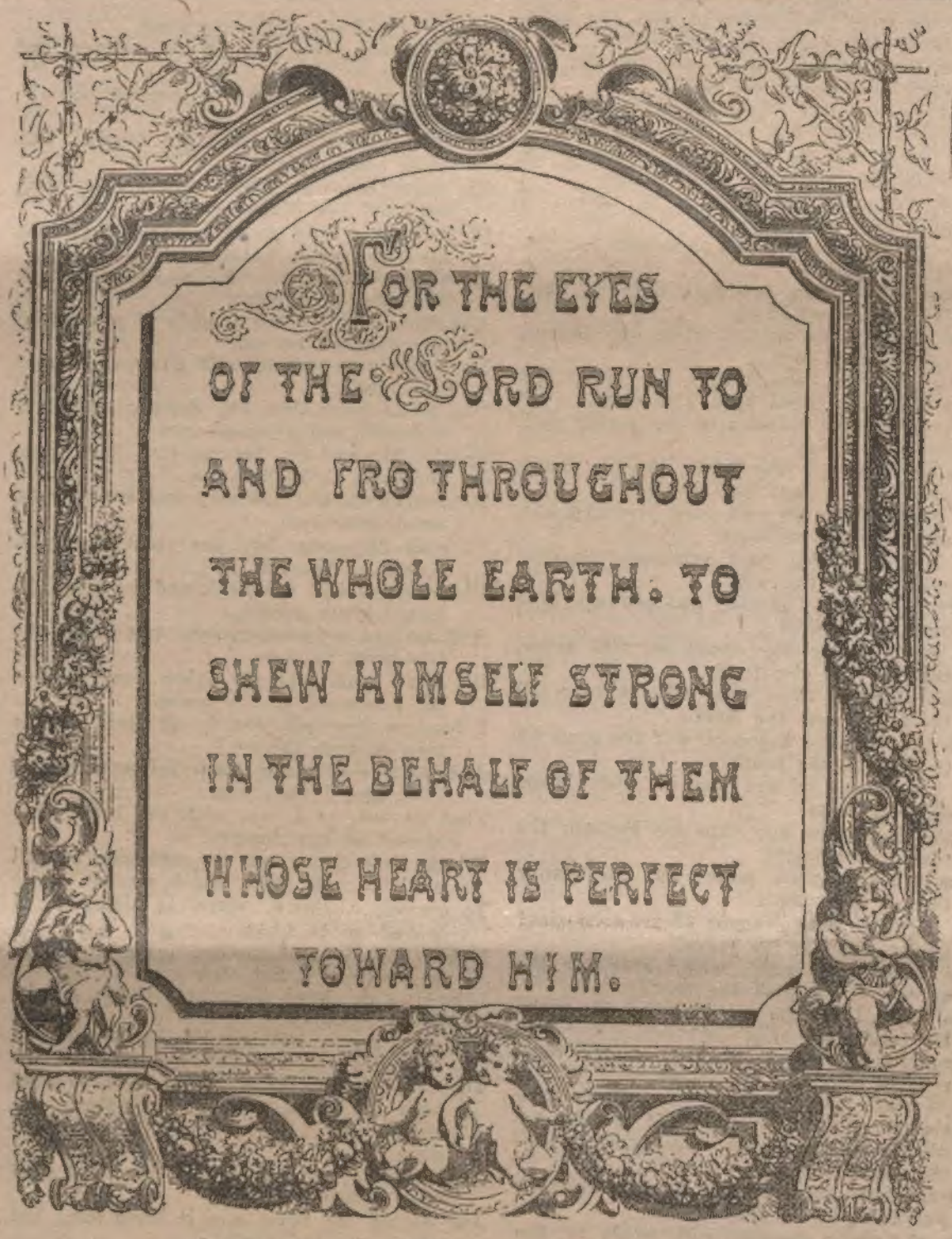
David pauses an instant,—what next shall he urge to sustain the King where song has restored him? How shall he arouse in Saul the desire to live and the hope to achieve? He recalls certain fancies he has pleased himself with while tending his flocks.

'Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses,
the courage that gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive
for' . . . . .

David grows surer, and once more he sings. He passes from the mere mortal life 'held in common by man and by brute,' to extol the things of the spirit, and the glorious prospects of the King, whose deeds shall thrill a whole people, whose fame as the great First King shall live through future ages. As he sings, Saul slowly resumes his old motions and habitudes kingly.' He begins to live once more. As David looks up to know if the best he could do has brought solace, the King places his hand tenderly on the young singer's brow, and the heart of the youth goes out in love and yearning to his King. He would help him further, were it in his power, he would give him 'new life altogether, as good, ages hence, as this moment.' But shall he, who has had faith in the least things, distrust in the greatest of all? Is not God's love greater even than his? If he would do so much for the suffering man, would interpose to snatch 'Saul the mistake, Saul the failure,' from his dark dreams and bid him win, by the pain-throb, intensified bliss, and 'the next world's reward and repose by the struggles in this,'—surely God would exceed all that David, in his love, would desire to do. In a prophetic outburst the singer tells Saul of the Redeemer who is to spring from David's line:

'O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a
Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a
Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee! See the Christ stand!'

David leaves the tent and goes home through the night, surrounded by 'clouds of witnesses' angels who have listened to his prophecy. The whole universe seems awakened, all creation palpitates with emotion at the news, until the tumult is quenched by holy behest, and the earth again sinks to rest. But with the new day's tender birth it is seen that the objects of Nature have felt the new law, and agree, 'E'en so, it is so!'



—From the 'Children's Friend,' published by Seely, Jackson & Halliday, London.

Saul.

(By Robert Browning.)

(Concluded.)

What spell or what charm,
(For, awhile there was trouble within me), what next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?—Song filled to the verge
His cup with the wine of this life, pressing all that it yields
Of mere fruitage, the strength and the beauty: beyond, on what fields,
Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to brighten the eye
And bring blood to the lip, and commend them the cup they put by?
He saith, 'It is good;' still he drinks not: he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

Then fancies grew rife
Which had come long ago on the pasture, when round me the sheep
Fed in silence—above, the one eagle wheeled slow as in sleep;
And I lay in my hollow and mused on the world that might lie
'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip 'twixt the hill and the sky:
And I laughed—'Since my days are ordained to be passed with my flocks
Let me people at least, with my fancies, the plains and the rocks,
Dream that life I am never to mix with, and image the show
Of mankind as thy live in those fashions I hardly shall know!
Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses, the courage that gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive for.' And now these old trains
Of vague thought came again; I grew surer; so, once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit, as thus:—

'Yea, my King.'
I began—'thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute:

In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit.
Thou hast marked the slow rise of the tree,—how its stem trembled first,
Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler; then safely outburst
The fan-branches all round; and thou mindest when these too, in turn,
Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed perfect: yet more was to learn,
E'en the good that comes in with the palm-fruit. Our dates shall we slight,
When their juice brings a cure for all sorrow? or care for the plight
Of the palm's self whose slow growth produced them? Not so! stem and branch
Shall decay nor be known in their place, while the palm-wine shall stanch
Every wound of man's spirit in winter. I pour thee such wine.
Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!
By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when unconscious, the life of a boy.
Crush that life, and behold its wine running! Each deed thou hast done
Dies revives goes to work in the world; until e'en as the sun
Looking down on the earth though clouds spoil him, though tempests efface,
Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere trace
The results of his past summer-prime,—so, each ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn, fill the South and the North
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of. Carouse in the past!
But the license of age has its limit; thou diest at last:
As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the rose at her height,
So with man—so his power and his beauty forever take flight.
No! Again a long draught of my soul-wine! Look forth o'er the years!
Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual; begin with the seer's!
Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale make his tomb—bid arise
A gray mountain of marble heaped four-square, till, built to the skies,
Let it mark where the great First King slumbers; whose fame would ye know?
Up above see the rock's naked face, where the record shall go
In great characters cut by the scribe,—such was Saul, so he did;
With the sages directing the work, by the populace chid,—
For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised there! Which fault to amend
In the grove with his kind grows the cedar; whereon they shall spend
(See, in tablets 'tis level before them) their praise, and record
With the gold of the graver, Saul's story—the statesman's great word
Side by side with the poet's sweet comment. The river's a-wave
With smooth paper-reeds grazing each other when prophet-winds rave:
So the pen gives unborn generations their due and their part
In thy being! Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou art!'

And behold while I sang . . . but O Thou who didst grant me that day,
And before it not seldom hast granted thy help to essay,
Carry on and complete an adventure,—my shield and my sword
In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was my word,—
Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavor
And scaling the highest, man's thought could, gazed hopeless as ever
On the new stretch of heaven above me—till, mighty to save,
Just one lift of thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne from man's grave!
Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice to my heart
Which can scarce dare believe in what marvels last night I took part.

As this morning I gather the fragments, alone with my sheep,
And still fear lest the terrible glory evanish like sleep!
For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while Hebron upheaves
The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder, and Kidron retrieves
Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

I say then,—my song
While I sang thus, assuring the monarch and ever more strong
Made a proffer of good to console him—he slowly resumed
His old notions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed.
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, and see,—the huge sweat that his countenance bathes,
He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before.
He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent
The broad brow from the daily communion; and still, though much spent.
Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same, God did choose,
To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose.
So sank he along by the tent-prop till, stayed by the pile
Of his armor and war-cloak and garments, he leaned there awhile,
And sat out my singing,—one arm round the tent-prop, to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack—till I touched on the praise
I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man patient there;
And thus ended, the harp falling forward. Then first I was 'ware
That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak roots which please
To encircle a lamb when in slumber. I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the sign?
I yearned—'Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,
At this moment—had love but the warrant, love's heart to dispense!'

The truth came upon me. No harp more—no song more! out-broke—

'I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke:
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—returned him again
His creation's approval or censure: I spoke as I saw:
I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.
Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each faculty tasked
To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where a dew-drop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite Care?
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.
Yet with all this abounding experience, this deity known.
I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own.
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink.
I am fain to keep still in abeyance (I laugh as I think)
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I could love if I durst!
But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for love's sake.
—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors great and small,
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth appall?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less power,
To bestow in this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed with life's day-spring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure:
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.

'I believe it! 'Tis thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive;
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe,
All's one gift, thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt to my prayer
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air,
From thy will, stream the world, life and nature, thy dread Sabaoth:
I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth
To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
This;—'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!
See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall through,
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich.
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—

And they love fill ainitude wholly, nor leave
up nor down
One spot for the eature to stand in! It is
by no breath
Turn of eye, wa of hand, that salvation
joins issue w h death!
As thy Love is d covered almighty, almighty
be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of
being Belove
He who did m t, shall bear most; the
strongest sh l stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakn s in strength, that I cry
for! my fle , that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O
Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a
Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a
Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
thee! See the Christ stand!

I know not too well how I found my way
home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to
left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered unseen, the
alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as
strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished
for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awaken-
ed, hell loosed with her crews;
And the stars of night beat with emotion,
and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent know-
ledge: but I fainted not,
For the Hand still impelled me at once and
supported, suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet,
and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the
earth sank to rest.
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had
withered from earth—
Not so much, but I saw it die out in the
day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the
gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; the
sudden wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each
with eye sidling still,
Though averted with wonder and dread; in
the birds stiff and chill
That rose heavily, as I approached them,
made stupid with awe;
E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he
felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces
upturned by the flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar
and moved the vine-bowers:
And the little brooks witnessing murmured,
persistent and low.
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—
'E'en so, it is so!'

Religious News.

The greatest and oldest of all German missionary societies was founded in 1824 under the name of 'Society for Promoting Evangelical Missions Among the Heathen,' and was commonly known as Berlin I. It has now asked and received the legal permission to call itself simply 'Berlin Missionary Society.' We consider the simplification of the old, complicated name a most desirable thing, and we hope that other German and British societies will simplify their lengthy names in a similar manner.

We have had the rare privilege of having a 'returned missionary' in our chapel, Rev. Ba. Te from Kengtung. The people were intensely interested in his story, in the curios he had brought with him, and in the Muhso brother who accompanied him. Two of our oldest boys came to me afterward to state their earnest wish to go to Kentung or some other needy place to tell the 'good news.' They are genuine student volunteers! One boy, baptized within a month, came to me with two pice, worth about one cent, and said he wanted to contribute this to the work in Kengtung. Knowing him to be in very great poverty, with hardly decent clothing to wear, I said, 'Why, Tun Win, where did you get two pice?' He replied, 'The father of one of the boys gave them to me, and I have been keeping them. Now I want to give them to the Lord's work.' He gave all that he had.—W. H. S. Hascall.

There are nearly 3,000,000 people in Formosa—the great majority Chinese, 133,539 Head-hunters, 40,000 Japanese. Japanese ruling class. Influential, aggressive. Splendid evangelistic work is now being carried on by the Japanese Church for the Japanese in Formosa. The English and Canadian Presbyterian missionaries have done great work in Formosa. The Japanese Presbyterian Church is attempting to aid the other Presbyterian bodies in this great evangelistic movement. The work is extending to the savages—Head-hunters. Mr. Dogura, a Japanese forest planter and a Christian, has won many of them by his kindness. He offers to support a Japanese missionary to these degraded people. A Japanese magistrate on his plantation, near where the Head-hunters live, with a Christian wife, is much interested. The wife is a trained nurse. She is trying to learn the language. She said to a missionary: 'I am trying to learn the language of these savages and win them by kindness and tender care. They believe in a god, but their god is not like ours; he is a cruel god, and they think their god likes to have them cut off heads.' The Christians of Japan are well fitted to carry the Gospel to these poor, benighted 'Head-hunters.'—'Missionary Witness,' Toronto.

Work in Labrador.

ONCE MORE AT SEA—THE REINDEER IN GOOD FORM.

SS. 'Strathcona,' June 16, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Our journey to St. John's from our winter quarters in the north has not been without incident. We called in at the settlement round our little mill, and found that the early inset of fish had left the manager in trouble, for the gang of workmen engaged to drive the logs on the river had been seized with panic that they would lose their trap berths, and had deserted 'en masse,' with the result that the mill could not be run until the actual millmen had buckled to and completed their own drive of the winter's cut. We learned gladly, however, that the logs were swinging nicely down the rivers with the large freshets from the melting snow, and I have no doubt long ere this the saw is eating up enough to promise work for the loggers again next winter. The wind blew so strong ahead as we neared our destination that we could make no headway against the seas, and for the first time in all these many years we were forced to lie in for Cape St. Francis in the hope of being able to creep up along the land. Some nasty, dangerous rocks, appropriately named 'the Brandies,' lie off the Cape, and to benefit by the lunn of the land we decided to go up inside these. As we got near a weird object like a large whale hove in sight, which, to our immense surprise, our glasses revealed to be half a steamer lying on her side on a flat ledge. Her port boat lashed on deck was intact, and her funnel was playfully slapping the seas as the rounded hull rolled like a ball on the hard table rock. 'It's the old "Aggie,"' said the mate. 'Whatever is her doing there?' 'Can't you see? She's playing ball,' was the answer. 'Why shouldn't she. There's no sin in it, is there?' 'It looks as if there weren't nothing else in her neither,' growled the mate. 'That's not the only empty space in these parts,' replied the skipper. Speaking to himself, the mate, who was still unable to hide his surprise, was heard to mumble, 'My, my; how ever did she get there?' To which the skipper, still not contented with his victory, added, 'Growed there, o' course. What do you think? Ain't it springtime everywhere.' But the mate's eyes were to grow wider open yet, for suddenly a loud whistle away on our starboard bow called our attention to yet another steamer. This one was 'hove to' under her ridiculous staysail and spanker, and had a large 'Jack' upside down halfway up the rigging. On one side was the foolish-looking half of the 'Aggie' bowing mock salaams to us with her funnel as she rolled with the seas; on the other was the yet ungroomed 'Mary,' tooting and waving a kind of accompaniment as if we were carrying a governor or some other celebrity to the capital. Having decided that we could not help the 'Aggie,' or ourselves very well to the smart-looking boat on her deck, we closed in on the 'Mary,' and, like a gallant Jack in port, the little 'Strathcona' took her in tow.

As it was necessary to wait at St. John's some time for repairs, and we could feel that one was not contributory in any way to delaying the ship, I decided to run up country and see how the herd of 50 reindeer that left us in March had stood their long tramp. Our deer were nobly doing their duty when I left—85 fawns had come safely along. We had also lost four through the vicissitudes of rotten snow, thawing ice and swollen streams.

Our herd of 250, after its long voyage, and the unusually unfortunate winter, and the virgin dogs—that is, virgin in reindeer experience—still tallied 248 on a round up, and possibly 249. Only one was missing for certain, and his bones had revealed the method of death. It was then doubly cheering, when on reaching the herd that had left us, we found they too were prospering beyond expectation. The journey of 300 miles had necessarily been slow, for the Lapps had their women and children. The weather had been anything but propitious, and the reindeer had first tried to return to those they had left, and then had more than once wandered from camp during the night, necessitating much delay in getting the cavalcade together for a fresh start. The country also being almost entirely unknown, they had selected a route beset with so many large trees that marching was greatly impeded, and the barren ground moss had been proportionately scarce. Food had run out also and been hard to renew, but as an account of the admirably managed trip is shortly to be published by the man who so ably accomplished it, I must refrain from further details here, except to say one deer only had been lost—probably strayed after some of the countless passing caribou, and owing to the advancing season and the rivers opening, there had been no chance to camp and go in search of him.

In spite of everything, however, 19 does had already brought their fawns safely into the world, and 14 more out of the total fifty threatened to follow suit. Wild caribou had more than once joined the herd, only, however to leave again, unless there had been cause and impediment of some special nature why they should not do so. The hauling capacity of the stags had left all on the march enthusiastic, and I return to the problems of our own herd with every faith in the success of the venture. We hope to send in a few men and some reindeer to try and bring back some young live caribou, that they may be stockaded and trained, with a view to breeding them with our own deer. Everything as far as we know points to success in this direction. I am glad to be able to say the government recognizes the promise of the reindeer experiment, and is supplying two native Labrador apprentices that we may be able to hand over later on some of the deer to them for use in northern Labrador, and so spread the influence of the undertaking as rapidly as possible.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

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Previously on hand for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,562.26

Total on hand July 28.. .. .. ..$ 1,584.01

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

Correspondence

E. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to any club before, but as I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' this week from one of my girl friends, it gave me courage to write. We are having eight weeks' vacation, and two have passed away which I have enjoyed splendidly. The weather has been terribly warm here this summer, but I think the warmest is over. Since we have begun making hay it has been just comfortable in the fields. I live near the seashore, and in the summer we have great sport on the beach. There is an island named Coffins Island about one mile and a half from my home, and on Dominion Day we were on it for a picnic. We had a lovely time. The middle of next month we are going to have a Sunday School picnic. I go to Sunday School and week day school, and I like my teachers very much. We are having a new library in our Sunday School, and I intend to read all the books. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. Some of the drawings are very good.

BEULAH A. WENTZELL (age 15).

[Glad to hear from you, Beulah.—Ed.]

Dear Editor,—I have only written to the 'Messenger' once, so I will write again. I have four hens and I set two of them, one with hen's eggs, who hatched eleven little chickens, and the other with duck's eggs. But a week before they were to hatch a thunder storm came up, which killed all the ducks. My father has the 'phone in, and I like to talk over it very much. I have an air rifle. I also have a garden. In it I grow onions, peppers, squash, tomatoes and ground cherries. I have a flower garden too, in which I grow poppies, morning glories, nasturtiums, pansies, balsams, gourds and sweet peas. I go to Sunday School almost every Sunday, unless we are visiting or it is stormy or something. I have a pair of skates and can skate well. Maybe I will forget how to skate when next winter comes. I go to school and am in the senior third class. When I wish to write a letter to the 'Messenger,' I like to write quite a long one. I have a sister pretty nearly four years old. I guess I will bring my letter to a close now.

MACKLEM H. LEARN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Will you admit a new member among your many correspondents, if I have not out-grown the company of the young? We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday School and think it is a fine paper for old and young. I attend Sunday School regularly, and have a class of small boys and girls, which I am proud of. I enjoy reading the letters and always look to see if some of their names are among the list. There are from 21 to 30 in attendance in our Sunday School. My class ranges from 8 to 12 children. There are 4 classes when the teachers all attend. That is a very good crowd for a country Sunday School; don't you think so, Mr. Editor? This is a pretty place, but I think I will leave some of the younger ones to tell about it when they write to their Sunday School paper, and I will close wishing the Editor and friends a pleasant summer, and all the blessings God can give.

ETHEL SANDS.

THE DISOBEDIENT FAIRIES.

(By Ada Sobey for the 'Messenger.')

'Oh auntie do tell us a story, to help pass away the time,' cried Gladys as she seated herself near aunt Louise.

'Yes do auntie dear,' chorused the three little Tweeds, gathering around her chair.

'Well, what will it be about?' said auntie.

'Oh, a goody goody one about fairies,' cried Queenie.

'Yes, a fairy tale, a fairy tale,' cried baby Dot, clapping his wee brown hands.

'Well, my story,' said auntie, settling herself back in the easy chair, will be christened 'The Disobedient Fairies,' how will that do?

'Oh, that will be fine,' was the ready answer. So auntie began:

Once upon a time as two little fairies were playing hide-and-seek among the grasses they were rudely interrupted by a mischievous elf.

'Come with me and have a peep at the old Ogress,' he said.

'Oh, and have you forgotten our good queen's warning,' cried Dewdrop.

'And, besides,' put in Bluebell, she would be very angry with us for disobeying her commands.'

'Phew,' laughed the mischievous elf,' she will never know unless, and he gave them an inquiring look, unless you make it your business to tell her,' and with this remark he strutted off towards the old ogress's estate.

'Wait!' called Dewdrop and Bluebell, 'we have changed our minds, we will go with you,' and they hurriedly followed their cousin, for they, too, were very curious to see the old ogress, and they did not like to let their boastful cousin go alone.

They walked, and walked, hundreds of miles it seemed to the fairies; till at last they came in sight of the old ogress'es land, then they went more cautiously, for they wished to keep out of the old woman's sight.

Peeping through the long grass which surrounded her dwelling, they soon perceived that the much-dreaded ogress was absent; so, boldly they stepped inside, and began ransacking every nook and corner, in the hopes of finding some gaudy relic to take back to fairyland.

However, they had not been enjoying themselves long, when Bluebell, happening to glance at a certain niche in the wall, screamed loudly and ran towards the door.

'What is it!' cried Dewdrop.

'Look,' and Bluebell pointed to the niche.

And there, trying with all his might to get out of his cage, was a monstrous beetle.

But just then something appeared in the doorway which made the fairies scream louder, this time accompanied by the elf.

For there stood the ugly ogress, a cruel smile on her face, while with arms outstretched she went towards the fairies and gathered all three in her long arms at once, and with awful strides, as they seemed to the frightened marauders, carried them to the beetle's cage. Her hand was on the door knob, and she was about to give them to her hungry pet. But, just then, something occurred which prevented her progress.

Not seeing her dog, who was fast asleep beneath the cage, she trod on his paw, and the startled animal, with a yelp of pain, leaped upon the ogress, and biting and yelping savagely, knocked her down, the fairies tumbling over her, but instantly gained their footing and were about to make a dash for liberty when, oh, horror of horrors! there in the doorway, barring their escape, stood the old ogre. For a moment he stood there with his mouth open, taking in the whole scene, when his attention was called by his wife, who was in a very sorry plight.

'Ow, ow, you stupid wretch, can't you take the dog away, he's tearing me to pieces, ow, ow,' screamed the old hag. Then the ogre went to his wife's assistance.

Here was the fairies chance; out the door they went pell mell, falling over each other, but they blindly rushed on, on, they could hear their foes coming in hot pursuit, so they mustered all the strength they had, and raced at headlong speed towards fairyland. Just as they neared the border they looked back over their shoulders to see the whereabouts of their pursuers, but they were nowhere to be seen; breathless and tired they reached their home and told their good queen all. At first a frown puckered her brow, but in a moment more it cleared away, and displayed the most benevolent of smiles as she said, 'Go, you have my forgiveness.'

So ever afterwards these three fairies were her most loyal and trustworthy subjects, and she the happiest and wisest of queens

'Is that all,' said Dot, sleepily.

'Yes, dears, now it is your bedtime, goodnight.'

'I think the disobedient fairies are like many little children,' said Gladys. 'Goodnight, auntie.'

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'An Apple Branch.' Basil Colpitts (aged 10), F. G., N.B.

2. 'A House.' E. Clare Anthony (aged 11), L. S., N.S.

3. 'A Head.' Maggie Parsons (aged 13), B., Ont.

4. 'Beaver.' D. F. Dewar (age 12), G., Ont.

5. 'The Flags I Love.' Macklem H. Learn, S., Ont.

6. 'A House.' Edith M. Hamilton (age 10), L. S. N.S.

7. 'The Kimono Lady.' Janie L. Libbey (age 12), B., N.B.

Easton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write one. We have a nice lake here for trouting. I like to go to school, but it is vacation time now. I spent a few days the first week with my grandmother. My father owns a farm, and he is haying now. We have had very hot weather here for a week, but had a nice rain storm Saturday. It was much needed. I have two sisters and one brother; one sister goes to school. I am in grade five, and have only been to school half a term before this last one, but had nice teachers.

ELWOOD M. (age 8).

L. S. N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I wrote and told you before that I was trying for a prize, I thought I would write and tell you what I received. It was a nice Bible, and I was well pleased with it. Some day soon I will send a drawing of our church. I have three little brothers instead of two now. We call the new brother Fred. Stanfield, he is a dear. As my letter is getting pretty long, I will close.

EDITH M. HAMILTON (age 10).

L. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl of nine years, and have a sister of seven and a little brother who is almost three years old. We live by the Cobequid bay, and there is a government wharf being built here this summer. My grandma MacPherson has been visiting us from Portland, Me., but went back home this week. I had a party of little girls yesterday, and mamma let us dress up in long skirts and go out, and while we were getting in a team my little brother got caught and the wheel went right over his face. We all were badly frightened, but he is running around again, though his face is bruised and swollen yet. I am in the fifth class at school, and we all liked our teacher so well last term that she is coming back this year again.

AZELLE M. MacKEIL.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Carpenter.

In the shop of Nazareth
Pungent cedar haunts the breath.
'Tis a low Eastern room,
Windowless, touched with gloom.
Workman's bench and simple tools
Line the walls. Chests and stools,
Yoke of ox, and shaft of plow,
Finished by the Carpenter,
Lie about the pavement now.

In the room the Craftsman stands,
Stands and reaches out his hands.

Let the shadows veil His face
If you must, and dimly trace
His workman's tunic, girt with bands
At His waist. But His hands—
Let the light play on them;
Marks of toil lay on them.
Paint with passion and with care
Every old scar showing there
Where a tool slipped and hurt;
Show each callous; be alert
For each deep line of toil.
Show the soil
Of the pitch; and the strength
Grip of helve gives at length.

When night comes, and I turn
From my shop where I earn
Daily bread, let me see
Those hard hands; know that He
Shared my lot, every bit;
Was a man, every whit.

Could I fear such a hand
Stretched toward me? Misunderstand
Or mistrust? Doubt that He
Meets me in full sympathy?
'Carpenter? hard like Thine
Is the hand—this hand of mine:
I reach out, gripping Thee,
Son of man, close to me,
Close and fast, fearlessly.'

—The 'British Weekly.'

His Business Card.

(By Helen A. Hawley, in 'A. B. C. Monthly.')

'You are perfectly sure you can do it, Stuart?' Mrs. Robson stood before the mirror, tying a veil over her auto hat, and trying to make the effect something besides hideous.

'You are simply absurd, Lida,' her husband answered, rather testily. 'Where are those goggles? Oh, here they are! Haven't I driven hundreds of miles by the side of Bascombe and know every turn of the machine? Now, because his mother's dead and he has to go to the funeral, you think we can't take a little spin without him. Next chauffeur I hire better be an orphan to begin with!'

Mrs. Robson laughed. She came up and patted him good-naturedly on the cheek. 'You goosie,' she said, 'you ought to know me by this time! I just have to have a bit of a tremor to begin with. I do it when Bascom drives, though of course one can't let down to a chauffeur as one can to a husband. There! I thought that would mollify you!'

He certainly looked less sulky. 'Is Miss Mynderse going, or does she have tremors, too?'

'Oh, Fanny has courage for anything. I believe she would enjoy any smash-up that didn't entail broken bones.'

'Well, I prefer not to break the motor!' Mr. Robson said, loftily.

'Fanny!' Mrs. Robson stepped to a door across the hall. 'You're ready, of course, you prompt Miss' as the young lady appeared.

'We used to have a minister's wife,' Miss Mynderse remarked, 'who said her husband told her, on their marriage day, he must never have to wait for her to put on her gloves. In like fashion, my brother Tom says never let an auto wait when the owner drives. When I heard Mr. Robson was to take poor Bascomb's seat, I knew it behooved me to look sharp!' She smiled demurely.

The two ladies were soon cozily bestowed in the tonneau. Mr. Robson took the wheel between his hands, and the big motor car moved off slowly from the hotel, the usual number of admiring small boys following with gaping gaze its quickly increasing speed, and listening to the gruff 'Honk! honk!' as if it were entrancing music.

The day was simply perfect, the heat not too intense with that breeze off the sea, the road for miles and miles nearly on a level and fairly smooth.

The Robsons were New Yorkers, spending the heated weeks at an ocean resort. It was one of the places still to be found of the quieter kind—a village with perhaps five thousand permament residents, one church each of the principal denominations, a few cottages belonging to city people, and three or four hotels. At the best of the latter the Robsons, with their guest, were staying. It was their first season at this particular spot, and already they were saying that next summer they would have a cottage and bring the servants.

They had gone perhaps twenty miles, and Mrs. Robson had entirely forgotten her fears in sheer enjoyment. Then came a bit of road not quite so smooth, because it had been recently worked, and, as they were about to meet a team of rather fractious horses, Mr. Robson turned out pretty far to give them a wide berth, bringing the motor to a stop while they passed. The noise of the waggon had no sooner died away and he was about to start up again, when an ominous hiss of escaping air struck his ear, and the big tire of the right forward wheel collapsed.

'The mischief! Punctured tire!' he exclaimed, jumping out.

'That's happened before,' Mrs. Robson said. 'Of course there's stuff in the tool chest to mend it.'

'Stuff enough,' her lord and master growled, 'if I knew how to use it! Here goes!' and he threw off his coat. Great drops of moisture stood on his forehead. Mr. Robson was one of those good-hearted men of hasty temper, who fume up on occasions, but as speedily subside. Mrs. Robson was having hard work not to say, 'I told you so!' while Miss Mynderse was crowding her veil into her mouth to keep from laughing.

'You take it very coolly Miss Fanny!' Mr. Robson happened to catch her mirthful eyes. 'Let me tell you we're twenty miles from our dinner, and I doubt if even you could walk twenty miles.'

'Oh, I'm morally certain some deliverer will appear—there always does in story books. There he comes now!' She looked up to see an athletic fellow striding toward them around a nearby curve.

'Can I be of service?' he asked, lifting his hat an instant. The newcomer might have thirty odd years to his record. He wore an ordinary business suit, not new by any means; it was a little hard to place him.

'Do you understand these things?' Mr. Robson asked, pointing to the car.

'I've had some experience. I've—I've worked in an auto factory. Yes, I see; it's only a punctured tire. If your tool chest is furnished I can put that in order.'

'Well, you're a Godsend. I think the tools are all right. My man is pretty faithful about such things. How long will it take?'

'Not over twenty minutes. The ladies need not stir unless they prefer.'

The ladies did prefer, however, to take a turn or two on their feet.

With practiced hand the man jacked up the wheel, and the mending went on apace.

'I'd like to look under and see if the gearing is all right,' he said. 'It was rather a sharp turn you gave.' And under the car he went. When he came out, it was evident he had changed a screw. He also drew a memorandum from his pocket and made some slight record.

'Everything is in order now, sir.' He lifted his hat again and was about to start off.

'Hold on!' Mr. Robson called. 'Are you bound for the village?'

'Yes, I am, and am going to catch a train at a little side station over there.' He pointed across the fields.

'Suppose you take Bascomb's seat and drive us in. You'll get there as soon as the creeping trains they run in these parts. You can drive a motor?'

'Yes, I have done it on occasion.' A peculiar smile curled the man's lips. 'Thank you,' he said, frankly, 'I'll be glad to do it.'

The two men talked motor cars all the way back. 'Of course I was a fool to go without a chauffeur when I didn't understand the tool chest,' Mr. Robson confessed.

'Well,' the man answered, 'when I was a boy on the farm, my father said no one ought to drive a horse who didn't know every buckle in the harness. It's about like that with a machine.'

'You consider this a good make? It's a Nesbit.'

'I do, sir; one of the best. I'd pin my faith to a Nesbit every time.'

'Well, I'm glad of that.' Mr. Robson quite warmed to the man, as one does when one's own judgment is approved. 'They're made hereabouts, I believe.'

When they drew up at the hotel, the owner of the car thrust a five-dollar note into the stranger's hand. The man reddened and said it wasn't worth it, but when Mr. Robson assured him it was worth much more, he seemed to reconsider and accepted the money.

As he was turning away, he suddenly drew an envelope from his pocket, saying shyly, 'Allow me to give you my business card,' and in another instant he was off with that athletic stride of his.

It was nearly six o'clock, and Mr. Robson came in somewhat heated from the garage. 'Lida, suppose we have a tea dinner up here on our balcony,' he said. 'I don't feel like getting into dinner toggery. I'll spruce up a bit, if you and Fanny don't mind more ceremony, and we'll be cozy to-night. Or do you think Fanny'll want to put on her war paint and show off at table d'hote?'

'For shame!' Mrs. Robson laughed. 'Fanny is the sensible, admirable guest who adapts herself to the wishes of her host.'

'Good for her! She'll make a nice wife for some man.'

A little later the said host, having finished an enjoyable meal with the two ladies, bethought herself. 'I haven't looked at that man's business card!' he exclaimed. 'He turned up at the right time, didn't he, now?' He hunted through one or two pockets, and at length fished it out. 'Queer to offer a business card in an envelope. What the mischief! Did he make a mistake? Look at that, will you?' He passed the card to Miss Mynderse, who sat at his right. It read like this:

Compliments of the Men's Bible Class, Presbyterian Church, Park Place. The class will be pleased to welcome you on Sunday next, immediately after morning service. Members will be at each door of the auditorium to conduct visitors to the room. Your presence will be a favor.

The girl glanced at it, and her eyes shone. 'No, indeed,' she answered, eagerly, 'he made no mistake; he did it a-purpose, as children say.'

Mr. Robson stared.

'Oh, I know,' she continued, 'because I belong—no, I don't belong to a man's class,' she explained, hurriedly, 'but to a woman's, and we do just such things. It's the New Movement. Never heard of the New Movement? Well, Mr. Robson, you are—' She hesitated.

'Behind the times,' he prompted. 'Guess I am where Sunday School is concerned. Haven't been in one since I was a youngster of fifteen. You don't mean to say that men—capable men, like that fellow who got us out of the scrape to-day—go to Sunday School?'

'Indeed I do—hundreds and hundreds of them, all over the country. Maybe none in that sleepy old church you attend in New York—' Miss Mynderse checked herself. 'Pardon, please, but there are really loads of men's Bible classes, and the most worthwhile men, too. You'll accept—pl-e-ase!'

'Don't urge it in that tone of voice,' he laughed, 'or I may have to. I didn't exactly come out here to go to church and Sunday School. I came to lie off; but, I own up, it rather excites my curiosity.'

Mrs. Robson had been silently studying the card. Now she said: 'You and I, Fanny, will go to that church Sunday morning, anyhow, and possibly Mr. Robson may like to

escort us.' Upon which Mr. Robson knew in his inmost soul that he should not only attend divine service, but yield himself to the clutches of whatever man made overtures at the door.

Thus it happened that, as they were leaving the audience room the next Sunday, Mr. Robson whispered to Miss Mynderse, with a slight grimace, 'I see a policeman ready to arrest me! Good-by!' And she answered, 'They'll let you out in an hour, on parole, to reappear when wanted.'

A young man greeted Mr. Robson courteously, renewing the invitation to the class, and piloted him to a pleasant room in the tower of the church, where about fifty men, ranging in age from twenty-two or three to forty-five years, were soon gathered. He was quietly presented to the leader, and a seat was assigned him near the desk.

The class used the International Series, and the lesson was in the tenth chapter of Numbers—Jehovah directing Israel's movements by the cloud. The thought dwelt upon was the influence of religious symbols on national life. Before he was aware, Mr. Robson was surprisingly interested. One and another brought out the different ways in which divine pre-eminence is recognized in our own country—on shipboard, on our coin, by religious observances in legislative assemblies, etc. One man spoke of similar recognitions in England, especially of the marked religious ceremonies at the present king's coronation. Another mentioned the standard of *Constantine, which to this day kindles enthusiasm. Nothing seemed cut-and-dried, yet every word showed preparation.* A brief discussion followed as to the practical results of such public recognition of God—a discussion much to the point. As the hour neared its close, the leader turned to Mr. Robson, asking him for an opinion.

That gentleman could only say that he had not expected to speak, but had been amply repaid for listening by learning at least a dozen things he never knew, or had forgotten. The president of the class called a business meeting for Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, and the closing exercises followed.

Mr. Robson had no uncomfortable timidity, and, once interested, he liked to know a subject thoroughly. So he approached the president, and inquired:

'Are your business meetings open to outsiders?'

'Well, not exactly,' was the answer. 'May I ask why?'

'Because I'd like to see if you manage business as well as you do lessons. This thing is new to me. I don't promise, but I might start something of the sort myself when I get back to town.'

'Come, and welcome, then; it lies within my discretionary powers to invite you,' the president said. 'Certainly a Bible class isn't a secret society.'

'Thank you. I'll be there.' Then, turning once more to the teacher, he asked, 'Who is that man over there with his back to us?'

'That man? Why, he is Harrison Nesbit, the owner of the Nesbit Motor Car Works.'

'Indeed!' Something like a low whistle escaped Mr. Robson.

'And one of the best fellows in existence, though very modest in regard to his own good deeds. He didn't want to be on any committee, but we put him on invitations, telling him he could at least hand out a card on occasion. He does a lot of good in a quiet way.'

Mr. Robson meant to speak to this same Mr. Nesbit, but the latter had disappeared before he reached the door.

'I gave my parole unasked, Miss Fanny,' Mr. Robson announced to that eagerly waiting young woman, 'for I'm going to the business meeting Tuesday night.'

'Was it splendid?' she inquired.

'It was great! I didn't think it was possible to get present-day things out of dry, Old Testament records. That is, I supposed they were dry,' he corrected himself, and proceeded to give an account of the lesson to two charmed listeners.

'I've been telling Lida,' Miss Fanny said, 'and she's about ready to get up a women's class, if there isn't any in your church.'

'To think I don't know!' Mrs. Robson exclaimed.

'Oh, there isn't any, doubtless,' her friend replied, cheerfully, 'or they would have let you know!'

'That man,' Mr. Robson continued, '"our deliverer," as you dubbed him, is the owner of the Nesbit Works, if you please! And I had the cheek to offer him a five-dollar bill! I wonder why he took it?' At which Miss Mynderse nearly choked with the fun of the thing.

This business meeting was quite as satisfactory in its way as the other. Mr. Robson was well pleased with the accuracy of procedure, though, of course, he could not understand all the details included in reports. He had determined that Harrison Nesbit should not elude him this time, and, at the close, he stepped up, offering his hand. 'Wait a minute, please, Mr. Nesbit, until I've thanked the president for letting me come, and then I'd like to walk with you.'

In a minute more the two went out together. 'You see, I've found you out, Mr. Nesbit, and it isn't my way to beat about the bush—New Yorkers don't have time for that. Two or three things have puzzled me. When you offered me this card,'—he produced the card of invitation—'you called it your business card. How's that?'

'It is my business, or, rather, my Father's business.' Mr. Nesbit answered, gently. 'You remember what our Lord said when he was a boy in the temple? I am not a glib talker, but I can give an invitation this way. It is my business,' he repeated.

'I see.' Mr. Robson spoke reflectively. 'I've been a church member a dozen years or so, but I'm afraid I've done precious little business along that line. Do you mind telling me why, when I was such an idiot as to offer you that five dollars, you took it? I saw you hesitate.'

'No, I don't mind in the least. I did hesitate, because that is a man's instinct. He doesn't want to be paid for every little kindness he does. But I am not a rich man, Mr. Robson, and my works are comparatively new—I may say in the experimental stage—though the experiment promises well. Just now our class is rather heavily weighted. One of our members, a clerk in a store, died recently, leaving his wife, and there is now a baby, born since its father's death. Their little home has a mortgage on it of three hundred, with foreclosure threatened. We helped through his short illness, and paid his funeral expenses. We have assured her that we will be responsible for the mortgage. You see, it's rather an unusual case. The

Solace.

(By Eva Williams Malone, in the 'Children's Visitor.')

When they drive me from the parlor,
And say I mess the hall;
And I mustn't 'mar' the paper,
Nor I mustn't scratch the wall,
Nor I mustn't put my skates on,
That they hurt the 'polished floors,'
Then how glad I am a feller
Has got
all out
o' doors!

Out o' doors, with fields a-callin'
So friendly-like, and wide;
Where a boy can use his holler,
And never have to hide;
Where the sky ain't got no borders
That a body dassent pass,
With a stuffy o' policeman
Sayin':
'Boys, keep off
the grass!'

poor woman can't do anything as yet. Once well and owning her home, she'll manage to live. That's the reason I swallowed my reluctance and took the five dollars. It meant that much more for her.'

Involuntarily Mr. Robson grasped Mr. Nesbit's hand. 'I'll be glad to send a check,' he said. 'And you, as a class, do that kind of thing?'

'What we can, when a need arises,' Mr. Nesbit replied. 'Not often to this extent; but we couldn't do less in common decency in this case. You see, each class is a democracy, but the ideal is a Golden Rule democracy.'

'I suppose you have—what do you call it?—New Movement literature; plans for organizing and the like?'

'Yes; plenty of it.'

'What day can you dine with me? We have a suite, and I'll order dinner in our own quarters, where we can talk things out. And please bring your printed matter. I think there'll be a men's class in my church before I'm many months older.'

'Good for you!' was the hearty response. 'Would Thursday suit?'

'Exactly! Any day most convenient to you. One question more: you see, I'm of an inquiring mind. Why did you make a memorandum when you came out from under the car the other day?'

The evening glow had hardly faded, and Mr. Nesbit's smile was plainly visible. 'I found a screw bent which should not have bent under the strain given, though that was pretty severe. I mean to find where the blame lay, because I intend honest work shall be done in my shops.'

When Mr. Robson went in that night, Mrs. Robson and Miss Mynderse awaited him.

'I've invited Mr. Harrison Nesbit to dine with us, Lida, on Thursday.' Then, winking toward their guest, he added, 'I've discovered that he's a bachelor; so, Mrs. Robson, you'll have to watch out and be mindful of your duties as chaperone!'

What Must I Do to be Lost?

A certain evangelist is using a card on one side of which is the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' and following it are the Scriptures which point out the way of salvation. On the other side of the card is the question, 'What must I do to be lost?' and the answer follows, 'Nothing.'

The reply is simple but wonderfully impressive. Many think that in order to be lost they must run the long gamut of vices and be aggressively bad. Not so. We are all bad enough to miss the kingdom in spite of the good points we must have.

Life is an active, constructive force. It is likened unto a living temple or unto a vine. It must therefore be built up, and unless there is activity there is no building. Unless there is active goodness there is no character, and unless there is character there is no salvation.—'Brethren Evangelist.'

A Boy's Sisters.

An elderly lady and two young girls walking together on the street one day, met a boy known to one of the girls. Stopping to speak to him for a moment, she introduced him to her friends. When they had bidden him good afternoon and passed on, the lady remarked:

'I think that boy must have a very nice mother and sister.'

'He has. Mrs. Lee and Nellie are both lovely. But how did you know?' replied the girl, in a surprised tone. The lady smiled.

'I did not know it, but I guessed it from his manner. A boy who is snubbed at home does not act like that one when he is out. Only home kindness and courtesy and the training that love gives can make a boy such a frank, easy, well-bred gentleman,' said she.

The girls looked at each other for a moment, and then one voiced the thought of both.

'I'm going to be careful how I treat Ned after this. If people are going to judge me by him, I'll have to be on guard. And I know you are right about it. There is Will T——. When you speak to him he always shuffles his feet and puts his hands in his pockets and hangs his head and stammers. His sister is always chasing him out of her way and scolding him, and his mother acts as if she were ashamed of him, and sends him off out of sight when there are callers. I earnestly believe he would be as nice as Rob, too, if he had the same chance.'

'Quite likely,' said the other girl. 'I know he is good-natured and bright, when he forgets to be awkward and embarrassed. I think I shall have to look out, too, and make sure that my little brother is a living demonstration of my amiable disposition,' and though she laughed as she spoke, under the laugh was a tone of real earnestness.—The 'Classmate.'

The Office Boy's Story.

(Arthur M. Krug, in the 'Observer,' New York.)

Just a word to him who has not lost his father and mother and does not know what it is to be without them. You wake up in the morning and find a mother ready to dress you, give you a good breakfast and get you ready for school, and on parting give you a mother's blessing.

When you are through with your day's work at school, and supper is over, she reads stories to you until you are tired; you say your prayers and go to bed. The dear mother does not forget her good-night kiss and says a prayer at your bed for God to keep her child safely through the night.

All these things are denied the poor orphan boy. He is thrown from pillar to post and is always looking for something to eat and some place to sleep. In the morning he has no one to greet him and give him a good breakfast, kiss him good-bye and send him to school, for he has to go out and earn what he can for something to eat, or else he will starve, and he has to earn enough to pay his board. If he fails, he knows that he has to find shelter, perhaps in a hallway or basement where he will pass the night in fear and trembling. If caught, he knows he will be committed for vagrancy.

As the orphan boy walks along, often with tears in his eyes, he thinks of his beloved father and mother; of the big turkey dinner on Thanksgiving; the Christmas tree and the many things his friends gave him to make him happy. Now he is thankful if he can get enough to eat.

When he feels discouraged, he remembers what his mother taught him that there is a God above who never forgets the good and the poor.

Some children do not know the hardships of the orphan boy. So take my advice and do all you can for your father and mother while you have them; if you don't, you will regret it. When they are dead you will wish they were here so that you could do something to please them, and, in time, you will find out that they were your best friends.

Inefficiency's Apology.

Pressure of other duties never yet kept a man from doing anything that he ought to do. The biggest men know this, and offer no excuses for uncompleted or tardy work. They have learned how to do the things that ought to be done, and to do them on time; and if anything that ought to have been done is not done, they know that it is their own fault,—not the pressure of other duties. They make no apologies 'for not having given as much time to this thing as I should like to have given.' But the inefficient man is constantly explaining that 'the reason I do not give more time to things is not because I don't want to, but because I have so many things to do.' Bosh! The reason he does not give enough time to things is because he has not schooled himself in the use of time, and in the discriminating choice of work. God asks no man to undertake anything which there is not time to do properly. God asks no man to assume a responsibility for two duties when there is only time to attend to one. God will show us which are our duties, and he places at our disposal just enough time to do each,—not a second more. When we disregard his assignments, or waste his time, let us be manly enough to take the whole blame on ourselves. 'S. S. Messenger.'

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

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John Dougall & Son,

Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial"
Witness Office, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

Dolly's Lesson.

Come here, you nigoramus!
  I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess,
You don't know any letter
  'Cept just your crooked S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you:
  This round hole's name is O;
'And when you put a tail in,
  It makes a Q, you know.

'And if it has a front door
  To walk in at, it's C;
Then make a seat right here
  To sit on, and it's G.

'And this tall letter, Dolly,
  Is I, and stands for me;
'And when it puts a hat on,
  It makes a cup o' T.

'And curly I is J, dear;
  And half of B is P;
'And E without his slippers on
  Is only F, you see.

You turn A upside downward,
  And people call it V;
'And if it's twice, like this one,
  W 'twill be.

Now, Dolly, when you learn 'em,
  You'll know a great big heap—
'Most as much as I. O Dolly!
  I believe you've gone to sleep!
—'Southern Churchman.'

The Dog Express.

Papa had gone to the station to take the train for the city when it was found that he had left a package at home. There was not time for Fred to get to the station even if he ran. 'Why not send Rex?' said Alice. Rex was the dog. He had always wanted to follow papa, and they had kept him in the house every morning until papa was out of sight. Mamma put the parcel in a basket and gave it to Rex. Off he ran as fast as he could go. Papa was just going to step on the car when Rex came running up to him. He saw the bundle, and had only time to cut the string and take it, pat Rex and say, 'Good dog!' when the train started.—'Primary Education.'

How Dick's Hair Was Cut.

'Do it while I am away, then,' said Dick's mother. Then she looked down in her plate, and her lip trembled.

Dick looked at his father, who was smiling; then at his mother, who was not. After that he felt of his girl curls. He did want them cut, but if his dear mother felt sad about it—so his lip began to tremble too.

'All right, Momsey dear,' said Dick's father. 'We will have it all done when you get home to-morrow night from grandmother's. And Dick will be a real boy then.'

'Us mens don't wear curls, you know, Momsey,' said Dick, anxiously. And then they all laughed.

The next morning Dick and his father ate breakfast alone, for mother and Mary Esther, Dick's sister, had gone.

'Here, Dick,' said his father, after breakfast was over, 'here is a quarter; you go down to the barber shop, where I go, and get your hair cut.'

'All alone?' asked Dick, delighted.

'Yes,' said his father, 'you know the way. I shall be away all day, I am afraid, but I will be back to eat dinner with you to-night, if not for luncheon with Harlow.'

So Dick started down the street directly after breakfast. But on the way he passed a well-known toy shop, which was owned by a friend of his. One window was full of waggons, and Dick had been longing for a waggon for weeks.

'A quarter,' said Dick, fingering it, 'is weally too much for hair, and just about enough for a waggon.'

So he went inside. 'How do you do, Mr. Burns?' he asked, affably, as he saw his friend, the proprietor, approaching. 'I thought I'd buy one of your waggons. 'I've got considerable money for it with me.'

'All right, Dick,' said Mr. Burns, smiling. 'Which one do you want?'

Dick showed his good judgment by selecting a fine one. The price was four dollars, but Dick did not ask the price; he put down the quarter and walked off with the waggon, and Mr. Burns charged Dick's father with three dollars and seventy-five cents.

Dick found the waggon heavy—or else it was his conscience—something, at all events, made him walk slowly as he came near home.

'I'm glad my father isn't home,' he thought, 'for now I will have to cut my own hair, and it's better to do it over at Harlow's house.'

Harlow was very much interested in it all, and they went out to the barn, and with Harlow's dull, round-pointed scissors and a great deal of trouble Dick cut his curls very short in some places and quite long in others.

'You look,' said Harlow, critically, looking at him with his head on one side, 'as though you had buttons on your head.'

'It doesn't make any difference how I look, if I only don't look as if—as if—I did it,' said Dick, anxiously.

'It does, though,' said Harlow.

'Do you think it will look that way after dark—'bout dinner time—when my father comes home?' continued Dick, still anxious.

'Maybe not,' said Harlow, doubtfully.

'Well, I will stay here till dark, then,' said Dick, taking what comfort he could from Harlow's doubtful assurance. It was a very long day, and by no means a happy one. Harlow brought him some luncheon in the barn, and he kept out of sight as much as he could from Harlow's relatives.

But dinner time came at last, and Dick went slowly home, leaving the waggon in Harlow's care.

'Come here, Dick,' said his father, who was sitting under the brightest electric light in the house. 'You are late. Let's see how you look. Why, what on earth—!' And the forlorn little figure sobbed out its story on father's shoulder.

Dick's mother always thought Dick's father was a little too indulgent, but he straightened up now, and said, gravely, and in what Dick thought a very dreadful voice: 'You may take that waggon back to-morrow morning, Richard, and tell Mr. Burns all about it, get your

money, and then go to the barber shop and get your hair properly cut.'

Dick thought the way of the transgressor was indeed hard, the next morning, when he trudged down the street, his Tam far over his funny looking head, and dragging the now detested waggon after him.

He had his interview with Mr. Burns, and he presently entered the barber shop, climbed up in the velvet chair, and said in a small, miserable voice, 'Will you cut my hair off smooth, please? Here's your money beforehand.'

Then he shut his eyes, and tried not to see the barber's grim smile in the looking-glass.—Selected.

What Kate Did and Didn't.

'I didn't think anything about mother's having a headache when I asked Mollie to come here to supper, and I didn't remember that the baby was asleep when we laughed so over that game. It's very unkind of you to call me selfish, Fred. I don't want to trouble mother any more than you do. Only I don't always think.'

Katy's voice and face betrayed a sense of injury. It was very unreasonable of Fred to make so much of a little oversight. But possibly the older brother, who was very fond of Katy, though he tells her frankly of her failings, has some excuse for what Katy terms his 'scoldings.'

Katy didn't see that mother looked tired. She didn't notice that there were some threads on the carpet where the work basket had tipped over. Yet her eyes are bright, and when it comes to seeing a chance to enjoy herself, their sight seems unusually good. She didn't hear when the clock struck half-past eight the other morning, and she seemed inclined to hold mother or someone beside herself responsible for her being late to school. Yet Katy's hearing seems preternaturally acute along about Christmas time, when festive plans are being discussed behind closed doors. When she upsets the family equilibrium by a piece of thoughtlessness, the only excuse she offers is that she didn't think. And yet she would be offended if it were suggested that her brains are not in as good working condition as those of another girl.

Katy didn't see, didn't hear, didn't think. But at another time, when her own pleasure was involved she did all three. What made the difference?—'Western Christian Union.'

Nailing It Fast.

Once when I was a little school-girl, a visitor said something in a speech he made to us which I shall never forget.

'Suppose,' said he, 'you were building a house, and instead of putting the shingles and weatherboards on with nails, you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work, would it not? For the first high wind would send them flying off in all directions.

'None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tacking the lessons on so they will stay long enough for the recitation and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast, so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?'—'King's Own.'

Kitty's Thoughts.

I've wondered and wondered, but can't make out
What my little kitten is thinking about;
She's on the sofa, a bundle of fur,
For hours at a time, and I hear her purr
As softly as though she were whispering low,

In secret the things she would have me know,
But I can't understand a single word

Of all Kitty's language that I have heard.
Is she saying her thanks for her bed so nice,
Or planning out some easy way to catch mice?

Or, alas! is she talking of helping herself
To the nice fresh milk on the pantry shelf?
Perhaps she is thinking of all of these—

If any one knows will they tell me, please,—
For I've asked her again and again, it is true,
As polite as I could, and she only says 'Mew.'

—'S. S. Messenger.'

Bo-peep's Lost Sheep.

Bright and early one morning Bo-peep took her daily walk out to the barn. There were the cows and the horses and the dog; but where were the sheep? She looked and looked, but couldn't find them anywhere. She went down to the meadow and called and called, but she didn't hear one little 'baa.' Fido came and licked her hand, but he couldn't tell her where the lost sheep were. She came back to the house, looking very forlorn. Mother saw her and wondered what could be the matter. Then she thought what the trouble must be, and a funny little look came into her eyes as she said:

'Little Bo-peep, she lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them!
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.'

So after breakfast Bo-peep sat on the steps and waited.

She wondered what the funny look in her mother's eyes meant.

Suddenly there was a cloud of dust down the road. 'There's my father and my sheep!' she cried, as she hurried to meet them.

Oh, how queer the sheep looked! Some one had cut off their wool!

The dear little sheep of little Bo-peep
Had left their coats behind them;
When, shorn and sheared, they all appeared,
Without her going to find them.

Little Bo-peep counted the sheep over and over. Yes, they were all there—Blackie and White-nose, Smutty and Beauty and Bunty, and the others—every one had come back.

Then her father told the story of where they had been:

'We drove the sheep down to the creek and washed them nice and clean. Then the men helped me cut off their wool with these large, queer shares. Snip! snip! went the shears, cutting off all the wool that the sheep didn't need. When the wool was cut off we did it up in large bundles and loaded it on the waggons. Next it will go to the factory. There the wheels will turn round and round—whirr! whirr! Work! work!—to spin the yarn into threads, to weave the threads into cloth to make a warm wool coat for my little girl.'

Bo-peep laughed and ran to tell her mother about it. The funny twinkle came into her mother's eyes again, and she said:

'Little Bo-peep, to thank your sheep,
Some salt you'll have to find them.
They're not forlorn, though sheared and shorn,
For they're wagging their tails behind them.'

—'Kindergarten Review.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1908.

Friendship of David and Jonathan.

I. Sam. xx., 30-42. Memory verse 42. Read I. Sam. xviii., 1-5; xix., 1-7; xxiii., 14-18.

Golden Text.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity. Prov. xvii., 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 17.—I. Sam. xviii., 1-5; xix., 1-7; xxiii., 14-18.
Tuesday, August 18.—I. Sam. xx., 1-15.
Wednesday, August 19.—I. Sam. xx., 16-29.
Thursday, August 20.—I. Sam. xx., 30-42.
Friday, August 21.—II. Sam. i., 17-26.
Saturday, August 22.—II. Sam. xxi., 1-15.
Sunday, August 23.—John xv., 9-25.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

In our last Sunday's lesson we learnt about what an awful lot of harm jealousy could do when it gets into anyone's heart. You know how it got into Saul's, and he let it grow there until it made him more and more angry, so that at last he even wanted to kill the man he was so jealous of, and tried to twice. Do you know why he was so jealous of David? It started because he heard David praised more than he himself was; he could have got over that, but instead he kept thinking about it, and the more he saw that other people liked David, the more Saul grew to hate and fear him. That makes a very black, ugly picture of temper, doesn't it? Did you ever see the sun come out quickly after an angry black rain storm? Didn't everything look bright and beautiful in a minute? Well, all the while there was the angry black storm of jealousy in Saul's heart, there was the bright sunshine of love and generosity shining in Jonathan's, so those hearts were very different, weren't they? Do you know who Jonathan was? He was the crown prince, the eldest son of King Saul, the one who was expected to be king after him. Do you remember reading about the Prince of Wales coming to Quebec for all the great celebrations there so lately—how there were flags flying, guards of soldiers out to meet him, salutes fired, and all the people so anxious to see him? That was because he is our King's eldest son, the one who is expected to be King of England some day. That is why he is so important. You see, Jonathan was something like that, and to be his friend was a very high honor. Now Jonathan knew that David was going to be king instead of himself, but it didn't make any difference to him, because he loved David. He was very, very sorry to see how much Saul, his father, hated David, and in our lesson to-day we learn how he tried to help David get safely away.

FOR THE SENIORS.

One of the most beautiful of all subjects is that of to-day's lesson, the subject of true friendship. The type of friendship which has made Jonathan's name honored through all time is unusual, and indeed seldom are we put to so severe a test in our friendships as was Jonathan. The very study of so fine a character as his is like a real fragrance in the heart and mind. Jonathan is one of those rare Bible characters about whom the absolutely truthful and impartial record has nothing unpleasing to relate. Fearless (I. Sam. xiv., 1-15), strong and practical as he showed himself in connection with this same incident (I. Sam. xiv., 29, 30), with absolute trust in God (I. Sam. xiv., 6), willing to abide by his father's will (verse 43), with a pathetic trust in that father in spite of all (I. Sam. xx., 2), loyal until death, even when he found his father to be deceiving him, and could have followed David, with whom he knew victory would lie (I. Sam. xxiii., 16-18), his is an absolutely unselfish character. Even the recorded 'fierce anger' (verse 34) was for the insult offered to David, the deep insult and injury to himself being overlooked for that. Jonathan in that deep resentment at the insult to his friend, an anger unvoiced and unvented—since it was his father who had awakened it, is grander if anything than in the first flush of generous friendship when he divested himself of his royal apparel to clothe the shepherd lad in it and do him honor. Never did filial love and worthy friendship give a man harder way to travel, and never did anyone solve the problem more wisely than Jonathan. This is one of the grandest evidences of the power of love that the Bible has to offer. David's at this time was a character quite worthy of so noble a friendship. Many a man has felt a strong attachment for an unworthy friend, and his character suffered in consequence. One of the most important things in life is the formation of our friendships.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 31. He shall surely die. That David should have become the worst treated and most persecuted man of his day; that for years and years he should have been maligned and hunted down, with but a step between him and death; that the very services that ought to have brought him honor should have plunged him into disgrace, and the noble qualities that ought to have made him the king's most trusted counsellor should have made him a fugitive and an outlaw from his presence,—all this very strange. Why was he doomed to a mode of life that seemed more suitable for a miscreant than for the man after God's own heart?

It pleased God, in infinite love, to make David pass through a long time of hard discipline and salutary training for the office to which he was to be raised. We do not need to illustrate the benefits that arise from a man bearing the yoke in his youth. What story is more constantly repeated than, on the one hand, that of the young man succeeding to a fortune in early life, learning every wretched habit of indolence, and self-indulgence, and after a miserable life sinking into a dishonest grave? And on the other hand, how often do we find, in the biography of the men who have been an honor to their race, that their early life was spent amid struggles and acts of self-denial that seem hardly credible, but out of which came their resolute character and grand conquering power?—W. Robertson Nicoll, in 'Expositor's Bible.'

Verse 30. He said unto him, Thou son of a perverse rebellious woman. This is a favorite oriental mode of abuse. It is supposed that an indignity offered to a man's mother will give him greater pain than one offered to himself. 'Strike me,' said the servant of Mungo Park, 'but do not curse my mother.' Sir W. Ouseley tells of a man, who, seeking for wine, put to his lips a bottle of nauseous medicine, and immediately cursed, not the man who made the disgusting draught, but all the female relatives in whose welfare he had the greatest interest; his wives, mother, daughters, and sisters.—Burder, 'Oriental Customs.'

There are some traces of this form of abuse, in principle, among the least refined portion of our own population; but in the East no man is too high or too refined to be above it. Even a son will abuse his brother by casting contumely upon his mother, regardless of the fact that she is also his own mother, and whom, as such, he venerates and loves. The mother herself is not held to be affronted in such cases.

The Friend above all Others. Companionship is the one thing in the world which is absolutely essential to happiness. The human heart needs fellowship more than anything else, fellowship which is elevated and enduring, stronger and purer than itself, and centred in that which death cannot change. All its springs are in God. Without Him life is a failure and all beyond is a blank. There is absolutely nothing than man cannot do without, except God. With Him happiness is possible anywhere and always. In deepest perils and darkest prisons, in the languor of sickness and the loneliness of sorrow, in the narrow house of poverty and the fiery furnace of pain, on the cross of disgrace and the black shadow of death, men and women have been happy because God was with them. We talk of our possessions—of what we own. What are they all compared with the presence and friendship of God?—Henry van Dyke.

If a friend is one who summons us to our best, then is not Jesus Christ our best Friend?—M. D. Babcock.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'I would rather have a good friend,' said Socrates, 'than all other objects of ambition put together.'

'The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.' 'The way to get is to give.' 'It is never given to a man to be wise in the true and noble sense until he is carried out of himself in the purifying passion of love or the generosity of friendship. The self-centred cannot keep friends even when he makes them.'—Hugh Black.

All that makes earthly friendship blessed, all the ways by which friendship is cultivated, all the forgetting of self and devotion to another which belongs to the highest forms of earthly friendship apply in the highest degree to friendship with Jesus. Love must express itself in action.

We show our love by sacrifices for him and his cause. The tendency of friendship with Jesus is that we become like him. 'We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' Meditating on his character and goodness, loving the good shining in his character, we are conformed to his image. Friendship with Jesus is full of refreshment, courage, strength, and cheer; it leads us to love all for whom he died, and whom he loves. It will endure forever.

Bible References.

Jas. i., 26; Psa. xxxix., 1; Prov. xviii., 24; John xv., 13-15; I. Cor. xiii., 4-7; II. Cor. viii., 9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 23.—Topic—Vacation religion. Mark vi., 30-44.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 17.—A blind man and his neighbors. John ix., 8-10.
Tuesday, August 18.—What the blind man said. John ix., 11, 12.
Wednesday, August 19.—The Pharisees. John ix., 13-17.
Thursday, August 20.—His parents. John ix., 18-23.
Friday, August 21.—What the man told the Pharisees. John ix., 24-34.
Saturday, August 22.—Jesus and the blind man. John ix., 35-38.
Sunday August 23.—Topic—A blind man who saw Jesus. John ix., 1-7.

The Sunday School pays the largest dividends of any church enterprise. Ninety-five percent of our preachers, eighty-five percent of our converts come out of the Sunday School and seventy-five percent of the churches start as Sunday Schools. We see then that about ninety percent of our income comes from this department of church work, in spite of the fact that we are putting less than ten percent of our investment into it and that seventy-five percent of church members and quite a percent of ministers do not attend Sunday School.—Selected.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Temperance

What 'Less Beer' Means.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles, the well-known author, writes to the 'Daily Chronicle'—'Less Beer and More Boots' is the title of a pathetic poster which is in circulation just now. Will you allow me a little space to point out how wide the application of the thought is? Every case given can be proved to the full. Less beer means more food for the hungry, more clothes for the naked, more shelter for the homeless, more health for the sick, more rest for the weary, more work for the unemployed, more peace at home, more quiet in the streets, more cleanliness in habit, more decency in behavior, more change and recreation, more comfort and happiness, more Faith, Hope and Love. But with less beer how many other evils would lessen! Less beer means less drunkenness, less profanity, less brutality, less quarrelling, less strife, less accidents, less 'halt and maimed and blind,' less pain, less widowhood and orphanage, less 'battle, murder, and sudden death,' less crime, less immorality, less profligacy, less betting, less lunacy, less suicide, less dirt, less squalor, less destitution, less laziness, less loafing, less borrowing and sorrowing, less pawnbroking, less distraint, less bankruptcy, less moral, social, and commercial ruin; in short, less beer, less hell. But returning to the constructive side of the less and more, less beer means more thought, more reading, more wisdom, more education, more culture and refinement, more enterprise and industry, more success and prosperity, more freedom and life, higher standards and loftier ideals; in short, less beer, more Heaven!

One Trade Excepted.

Cardinal Manning once said: 'I wish well to all trades, but with a reserve. I hope the baker may bake and sell more bread. I hope the clothier may sell more yards of cloth and make more coats. I hope every farmer may sell more wheat. But I cannot say in my heart and conscience that I hope the brewer may brew more beer, or the distillers distil more spirits, or the publicans sell more of both. The prosperity I wish to this trade is that it should cease.'

Caesar and His Teetotal Enemies.

Caesar, according to Froude, was one of the most abstemious of men. He seldom if ever touched wine himself, and so much interested was he in the Temperance question that it was his habit to note the effects of abstinence on the races he came in contact with. And, as it happened, one of the very stiffest jobs he ever had in his life was with a tribe of teetotalers called the Nervii. Their neighbors who were not teetotalers, and whose courage was probably to some extent of that sort which, in these days, is called Dutch, and which we know to be somewhat evanescent, had succumbed to Caesar. 'But,' says Froude, 'the strongest member of the confederacy was still unsubdued. The hardy, brave, and water-drinking Nervii would send no envoys; they would listen to no terms of peace.' So Caesar had to prosecute the war against them. And what sort of fighters did they make? Did the fact that their grandfathers and grandmothers, their fathers and their mothers, their uncles and their aunts, had been abstainers reveal itself in exceptional feebleness, physical or mental? Caesar did not think so. This is how he describes the manner in which they attacked him: 'In a moment all along the river 60,000 of them rushed out of their forest, sent the cavalry flying, and came on so impetuously that they seemed to be in the wood, in the river, and up the opposite bank at the same moment.' 'Never in all his campaigns,' adds Froude, 'was Caesar in greater danger.'

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..HOUSEHOLD..

All the Best.

There are three of them; bless the darlings,
  There's Lawrence and Edith May,
And dear little baby—Walter,
  Just six months old to-day.
And I think, as I rock the wee one
  To sleep in his tiny nest,
And kiss the smiles and dimples,
  'It is you I love—the best.'

But Edith, with eyes so solemn,
  Climbs up on my knees to say,
'May I hold 'oor 'fwotch?' and listens
  As it measures our lives away.
I stroke the brown locks sunny,
  The sweet young brow caressed,
And I think, 'Your Auntie loves you,
  Dear little niece—the best.'

But little arms clasp softly
  My neck in a close embrace,
And a boyish cheek, all rosy,
  Is pressed against my face.
'I's Auntie's 'ittle sweetheart;
  An' I love 'oo lots, I do;
Whole hun'erd bushels, Auntie,
  Is 'at enough for 'oo?'

Then I kiss my ardent lover,
  And I hold him to my breast,
And I think, 'Of all the babies,
  I surely love you—best.'
But at night, as the tiny toddlers
  Reluctant go to rest,
I know, as I tuck them under,
  That I love them all—THE BEST.
—'Young Soldier.'

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NO. 1458—LADY'S DRESSING SACQUE.

The model of this very pretty negligee is of a white cotton and wool challis with pink figures. The edges are button-holed with pink cotton or silk. To do this evenly mark the scallops around the edge of a No. 24 spool of thread, then button-hole; or a still easier plan would be to stich a row of pink soutache around the scallops and hem raw edges down. Pink Liberty ribbon bows and belt are used. The pattern (No. 1458) is made in seven sizes, 32 to 44-inch bust measure, and three and a half yards of twenty-seven inch or two and a half yards of 36-inch wide material will be required for a medium size. The design is suitable for any material.

Give name of pattern as well as number, or cut out illustration and send with TEN CENTS. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Cure of 'Tricks in Children.'

Curing the nervous habits, or 'tricks,' as the English call them, of children is one of the most insistent problems facing parents. The problem is made particularly difficult because the habits come so quietly that we find them established before we have really noticed them.

One day we see that one of the children is always making hideous grimaces or that another is forever putting his finger in his mouth; a third child pulls his lips into queer shapes, while another will suck everything he can, such as the end of a handkerchief, his sheet on his cot or the sleeve of his pinafore.

They are very little things in themselves, but they must be checked or other and less harmless tricks will follow on.

A New York boy of eleven ate the corner off every handkerchief he possessed, which is a decidedly extravagant trick. He was really anxious to break himself of it, and so the battle was half gained, and by means of dipping the corners into bitter aloes he was completely cured.

The difficulty of the subject is how to find out what caused a trick and how one can best get rid of it.

There are, however, many other fidgeting habits that have their origin in some nervous trouble; and many a child has been punished for fidgeting when really the poor little scrap was the victim of disordered nerves. St. Vitus' dance is often ushered in by mere fidgeting about, and if instead of saying sharply, 'What are you doing? Can't you sit still?' the doctor were consulted, he would find that the child's whole welfare depended upon an entire rest from lessons, and that an out-of-door life and certain tonics were all that was required.

Children should be prevented from their particular failing as much as possible at once, and it is worth while to give up a few weeks to the cure, just as one would if measles were to attack a member of the family. A bad habit, like a good one, is simply repeated action, and it is only by persistently stopping it that one can hope to eradicate it. Another great point with a tricky child is to keep its hands occupied, for it is the 'Satan finds' truth which applies to this matter as to many others, and while the small fingers are engaged in clay-modelling, mud-pie making, bead threading, dusting or other occupations the trick cannot be gaining ground.

At night the child's cot should be by our side, and first we should try to manage without mechanical aids to the cure; but if the trick is carried on during sleep the best plan is to make two little calico bags for the hands, with elastic for the wrists, so that the lips cannot be pulled nor the fingers sucked.

There is no doubt that children learn at first by imitation, and it is for this reason essential that we should select carefully those who are round the child daily, and also the playmates we choose.

See how a tiny baby tries to put on a hat or a tie just as it sees us do when we are getting ready to go out; its power of imitation is much roused by what other children do, and by four years of age a child will set to work to imitate another in any peculiar respect, so that we cannot be too careful in choosing its companions.

Twitching of the face or limbs, opening of the mouth, blinking of the eyes, hesitation of speech are all indications that something is wrong, and no child must be punished for them; indeed, mere punishment never does any good either to the tricks dependent on bad health or on those of imitation.

Angry voices should never be allowed; they only serve to draw more attention to the habit and so increase the evil and though with bigger children a little talk and an appeal to good sense is likely to do good, with younger children the best plan is to control the trick as often as possible and to provide the antidotes in the form of occupation mentioned before.

Defective sight is the cause of many so-called tricks; a child whose vision is faulty screws up his eyes or scowls in his efforts to adapt his powers of sight.

Other important points to notice are those of posture or walking. It is quite common to see children throwing up one hip when they walk, or dropping one shoulder as they sit; while, again, other young creatures can never keep quiet while they are reading or trying to learn, but are forever twiddling a pencil, or their handkerchief, or scratching the varnish off the desk—and this is one of the most serious drawbacks to concentration.

Highly strung and precocious children are very prone to be tricky; we can but follow out the simplest rules of health in making them sound in body and mind; we must beware of teaching them too much because they are quick and creditable to their teachers, and we must be as placid with them as lies in our power.—'World.'

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